*Mer.* If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kind of fruit,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that shee were, O that shee were
An open & catera, and thou a Poperin Peare.
*Romeo* good-night Ile to my Truckle-bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we goe?

*Ben.* Goe then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*

*Ro.* He iests at scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.
Arise faire Sunne and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her maide art farre more faire then shee:
Be not her maide since shee is enuious,
Her vestall liuerie is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my loue, O that shee knew shee were,
Shee speakes yet shee sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am to bold tis not to me shee speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,
Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their spheres till they returne,
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how shee leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

*Iuli.* Ay me

*Rom.* Shee speakes.

Oh



Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged Messenger of Heauen
Vnto the white vp-turned wondring eyes,
Of Mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sayles vpon the bosome of the Ayre.

*Iuli.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my Loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

*Rom.* Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

*Iuli.* Tis but thy name that is my Enemie:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name? that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retayne that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

*Ro.* I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Hence-forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

*Iuli.* What man art thou, that thus bescreend in night
So stumblest on my counsell?

*Ro.* By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am,
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

*Iuli.* My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

*Rom.* Neither faire Maide, if either thee dislike.



*Iu.*